

Flying in the Rain

by Doglover645

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Summary: She was honestly unsure if she would make it to the next day, but she had been so focused on reaching what once was home she hadn't realized the rain until she started sneezing. For Nelly. Major character death. Rated for brief mention of pie.

Flying in the Rain

****Oh goodness it's been awhile. Hello all, this is dedicated to Nelly for her birthday! Yay! So MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH. You have been warned. Oh and brief mention of pie.****

It had been quite a long time in the rain, if Elphaba's mind served. And flying in the rain was not easy. The wind blew her side to side and caused her raven hair to waterfall through her vision. She hadn't quite reached her destination, the Governor's Mansion in Munchkinland, but decided to call it quits. It was too difficult.

Gently landing in a small cave nearby, Elphaba started a fire and attempted to warm up. The wind howled on through the night.

She needed to make it up to her, Elphaba decided. She had, after all, abandoned her little sister for two years without even so much as a goodbye. She had finally prepared herself for the horrors to ensue once she reached her sister's home. The Governor's Mansion was still several miles away but Elphaba was soaked and cold. She was honestly unsure if she would make it to the next day, but she had been so focused on reaching what once was home she hadn't realized the rain until she started sneezing.

Digging through her satchel, Elphaba pulled out a few crumpled pieces of paper and a single, almost broken, pencil. Shivering like mad and with only the light of the flames, she wrote as quickly as possible.

_Dear Glinda, _the first note read,

_I am writing this in haste, seeing as I am probably going to die soon. Never fly in the rain, Glin. _

Don't do it.

_Anyway, I want to tell you I love you and I'm sorry for every harsh thing I've ever said to you. You were the only person beside my sister who truly knew me. You met the girl behind the green, and for that I will always be grateful. _

Attached to this note is a crystal that will lead you to something of great value. I can't tell you what it is in case this note is intercepted, but I can tell you: this time you'll be able to touch it.

I'm sorry, again.

All my love,

Elphie.

Satisfied, Elphaba folded the parchment and quickly scrawled _Glinda Upland _on the outside, before pushing it aside.

There wasn't much time left, Elphaba sensed, as it was getting increasingly difficult to breathe and she just kept getting colder. But she had to push through.

Nessie,

I'm sorry that I left things the way I did, but I didn't have a choice. You probably won't miss me that much, but there is something I must ask of you. I know you love Boq, but if he wants to leave, let him. Oz forbid him wanting to leave, but let him. There are others.

I love you Nessie, with all my heart and soul.

Fabala

Two down, one to go. There were so many things she wanted to tell them but she couldn't. The rain was killing her, and her coughing, shaking, and sneezing was almost preventing her from finishing her letters, but not completely.

_Dearest Yero, _

_Ever since that day in the forest with the lion cub I have loved you. I know you're happily married to Glinda, but even if you feel anything at all for me, don't let that cloud your feelings for her. I am dying Yero, and Glinda is going to need you more than ever. Take care of her for me. _

Fae

It was then that Elphaba realized she hadn't signed a single letter with her name, only nicknames she had acquired from her friends. Really thinking about, no one, save for Boq and Morrible, ever

actually called her by her real name. All of her close friends and her sister called her by nicknames special to them. Nicknames she'd now never hear again.

Brushing these thoughts off, she whistled, calling in a Bird who owed her a favor. She handed him the notes and he flew off to deliver them.

Curling up by the dying fire, Elphaba just waited. She knew it inevitable and it was close. She closed her eyes and focused on counting her breaths, which were getting raspier, shallower, and more painful.

Fifty six was the number last in her head when she passed. The Wicked Witch of the West had died in the most unlikely way imaginable: flying in the rain.

Glinda had just woken up from a nap when a black Bird pecked on the window. It laid a note in her hand before flying away. Her crystal blue eyes scanned the messy writing on the note, before realizing that Elphaba was dead.

She crumpled the note, and the enclosed crystal, and threw them away. Why would she care about the death of the Wicked Witch of the West?

There was a knock on the door, which was revealed to be Fiyero. He was holding a similar note in his hand.

"She thought I loved her," Fiyero and Glinda laughed hysterically at this, "and apparently she loved me," Fiyero said once he caught his breath, but then started laughing again. He also threw the note in the wastebasket and pulled Glinda into a passionate kiss.

"I would never love the walking green bean of Oz, especially when I have you." He whispered, pulling away only slightly. With his foot, he slammed the door and pulled Glinda towards the bed.

Nessa was the only one who seemed to care that Elphaba was dead. A few days after the notes had been sent out, she followed her sister's advice and allowed Boq to leave after he angrily shouted at her about everything she'd done wrong to him. Just after, she took a trip to the Emerald City to see Fiyero and Glinda. They welcomed her with open arms, but when she innocently mentioned the note Elphaba had sent, they started laughing and became cold and ruthless.

They were nothing like the two she'd left at Shiz.

After hearing of the death of the Witch, Morrible started searching for the long lost Grimmerie, but it never turned up. No one had ever thought to search the cave where the Witch actually died, where it had been buried beneath the rock wall using a tad bit of magic.

It was lost to the ages, as well as the memory of Elphaba Thropp. Only one person remembered her, but eventually that person was executed for, as the Grand Jury of Oz called it, "affiliation with the Wicked Witch of the East" and "abusing her power".

After that, no one ever knew the story of the girl behind the green ever again.

****Happy birthday Nelly! ****

****Shameless self plug: first of all, I wrote an entire one-shot with three lines of dialogue. I think that's pretty cool. And I am still writing White Princess. I was stuck in a writing pit for a while and lost motivation but now I'm back! Keep an eye out for one shots and when White Princess comes out!****

****Please review and wish Nelly a happy birthday!****

End
file.